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LITERATURE DEPARTMENT

OF THE

*Board of Home Missions and the Woman's Executive
Committee of the Presbyterian Church.*



First and Last.



156. Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE HOME MISSION MONTHLY

is an illustrated magazine published by the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions, and is indispensable to an intelligent comprehension of Woman's work for the evangelization of the Home land. Each number contains fresh letters from the front, abundant material on the topic of the month, and a department of Hints and Helps, which will be found very suggestive in conducting a society. THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR. Address subscriptions to Miss S. F. LINCOLN, Box L, Station O, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

*Woman's Executive Committee of Home
Missions of the Presbyterian Church.*

BOX L, STATION O, NEW YORK, N. Y.

FIRST AND LAST.



"MOST there now!"

A girl, who had been traveling wearily down the road, paused, as a square, many-windowed building stood revealed in the noon sunlight. She was dusty and travel worn, but her dull face brightened as she caught sight of the Mission school which was her goal. She shook the dust from her faded dress, straightened the sunbonnet upon her head, and sat down upon a stone by the wayside to put upon her bare feet a pair of well worn shoes, which she had prudently carried in her bundle lest the journey should

prove too much for their endurance.

"I'm most there now," she repeated, as if there were many things in the past which that comforting assurance atoned for. Then, her efforts at making herself presentable being completed, she hastened forward again.

Her pleasure, unfortunately, was not shared by those in the building. A teacher, standing at an upper window, watched the approaching figure curiously at first, then with a growing recognition that brought a look of trouble into her eyes. She hurriedly called to a lady who was passing through the hall:

"Miss Grey, will you come here a moment, please? I believe that is 'Cretia.'"

"Oh, I hope not!" was answered earnestly, but, after a minute's careful scrutiny the added words came slowly, "Yes—it is."

The two teachers looked at each other in dismay, and the eyes of the first speaker filled with tears.

"She is coming back, poor child! And we can do nothing for her now. We are crowded almost beyond endurance, and we cannot take another."

'Cretia had been with them the previous year, painstaking but dull—a slow plodding girl who could not be considered a very promising pupil. She was penniless, with no friends to aid her, and, as it must be all charity, the teacher had sometimes questioned anxiously whether they were justified in using the church's money upon one from whom they could expect no higher return of usefulness. Such questions of economy seem awful when they relate to souls, but funds and

room were limited, and even mission teachers cannot compass the impossible. So it had been in some measure a relief that 'Cretia did not return after the summer vacation.

Three weeks of the term had passed and she had almost dropped out of mind. Now here she was again, bundle in hand.

"I done—I hev come back, Miss Mary," she said, making a sudden effort to correct her language as the familiar atmosphere of the school brought back a remembrance of its teachings—"I did'nt git yere at first cause—*because* I stayed to earn some more money. Laws, but I worked hard all vacation! Yere 'tis, Miss Mary—twelve dollars."

She was untying a knot in an old handkerchief to exhibit her little hoard, and her fingers trembled with excitement. "Taint noways right to have all you'ns—you—gimme everything, an' I arned this."

The teacher's eyes had grown misty again; well she knew how few chances of employment these girls had and how small a pittance the most toilsome labor would bring. She knew, too, the pressing needs of the daily life, and all the hardship and self-denial these savings represented. Her voice trembled as she spoke.

But, 'Cretia, dear girl, we didn't know you were coming; we haven't any room for you now. I can't tell you how sorry I am to say it, but we have no place left."

'Cretia smiled contentedly.

"Oh, 'twont take much room for me, I reckoned you'd be about full. Any where's 'll do."

"But, child, there is no 'anywhere'—no place at all where I can put you. We are more than full," urged Miss Mary reluctantly. The admission of the last two pupils had been a case of heart against judgment, and the building had been crowded to its utmost limit.

Still 'Cretia smiled her slow smile. She had learned to look upon Miss Mary as a being who could plan a way out of any dilemma—one to whom everything was possible. But, when at last she understood, the light vanished from her eyes. She did not cry or utter any protest. A grey pallor crept over her face, she nervously fingered the faded folds of her dress, and then in a dazed, bewildered way tied up the earnings that had so failed of their purpose, and gathered up her bundle.

"Do not go yet, 'Cretia, stop and rest a while and have some dinner," urged the teacher kindly. But the girl shook her head.

"'Pears like I ain't hungry, Miss Mary. I kin git back to ma-am Swanzy's by night. I reckon I'll stay there till mornin'; it's nearder home."

She did not say she could not bear the pain of seeing others in the place she had thought was hers; that the merry voices that reached her from the halls and stairways were intolerable. She did not even consciously think it; she only knew that she wanted to get away and be alone.

The teacher dimly comprehended, and, remorse-

ful for the grief she could not prevent, again explained how powerless she was to do otherwise, and once more expressed her own keen regret.

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am, 'Cretia, but you see I cannot help it."

"I ain't noways blamin' nobody, Miss Mary. I 'low I'd better be goin'; it's mighty fur to walk."

The unconscious dropping into old expressions told how completely she felt herself barred out from new hopes and aspirations. Miss Grey watched the drooping young figure trudge away down the lonely road—away from the help and hope for which it had striven so bravely. Then she saw Miss Mary with tearful eyes pass silently to her own room. Miss Grey's black eyes were not tearful, they were flashing.

"How I wish," she said emphatically, "that I could transport those two big heartaches right into the middle of some great rich church at the North. Yes; I do."

'Cretia walked steadily on until a turn in the road had hidden her from observation and a strip of desolate woodland shut her in. Then she threw herself down beside a great tree, and bowed her head on her folded arms against its gnarled roots. It was late in the afternoon of the following day, when with weary lagging footsteps she reached her home—a little cabin in the valley. The door stood open, revealing the dancing flames in a wide fire-place, and the figure of a woman silhouetted against it as she gazed at something on the hearth. She turned at sound of 'Cretia's

step, but though she must have felt surprised at the girl's unexpected appearance, she did not express it.

"Yer back ag'in, 'Creshy?"

"Mammy, they couldn't take me, the school was plumb full."

There was a little catch in 'Cretia's breath as she spoke. Her eyes were sad and heavy, her whole bearing weary and dejected. The mother's eyes saw it all in one quick scrutinizing glance, but she made no comment. Language, like everything else in their lives, was scant and poor. She had never been able, indeed, to fully understand her daughter's awakened aspirations. After one year at the school 'Cretia had seemed to her a marvel whose acquirements she viewed with mingled pride and awe, and she could not in the least comprehend what the girl wanted of "more larnin'." She had not opposed her wishing and working, however, had even helped her after a fashion, but she did not know how to offer sympathy now.

"'Twas a pow'rful long tromp for nothin'," she said. Then after a moment, with a little motherly resentment against something or somebody, she added: "'Pears like they might'a waited fur ye."

That was all. She busied herself with stirring up a cake of cornmeal and water, putting it on a board, and setting it up in front of the fire to bake. Then she fried a bit of bacon, and the evening meal was complete. It was eaten almost in silence, but afterward, sitting in the firelight with

her Bible on her knee, 'Cretia found comfort. She came in her slow reading to the account of the beautiful city with its welcoming gates on every side; its gates that are not shut at all by day; its life-giving waters of which whosoever will may drink.

"Nobody 'll hev to be crowded out there; it'll never be too full fur them that wants to come," she said, "an' everybody that's heerd is to tell 'em to come. I reckon I might do that yet."

To learn enough to help others had been the object of her newly awakened ambition, and the thought that such help might still in some small way be in her power came with wondrous healing to the sore young heart. Through much of the night she lay open-eyed, her slow brain gradually shaping its desire into a plan.

The money she had so toilsomely earned seemed too precious for any common use. She looked at it wistfully the next morning.

"'Pears like I want to get something like school out'n it someways, for somebody," she said.

The mother could not understand the feeling, but despite all limitations the germ of true motherhood was hidden somewhere in her silent nature, for she said not one word of pressing needs; she only answered briefly:

"I 'low ye can do what ye like, 'Creshy."

A small half-ruined cabin was secured, some rude benches put up by the unskilled hands of a half-grown boy, a few children of widely varying ages were gathered in, and so the little school

began. But even with such primitive arrangements twelve dollars could not last always, and Miss Mary at the Mission school was one day surprised by a letter—a letter pathetic in its very meagreness, that simply told what 'Cretia was trying to do and the need all about her. Could Miss Mary spare a few books and some Bibles? There were only two Bibles—'Cretia's own and one other—in all the place.

The reply was a box of supplies, followed a little later by Miss Mary herself. The day of arrival was warm and pleasant, and the school, which had outgrown its narrow quarters, was holding its afternoon session out-of-doors. Children of all sizes were seated on the grass or on convenient stumps, while the young teacher, slow still, and unassuming in her simple earnestness, was patiently trying to teach what she herself had been taught. It seemed to Miss Mary, in the few minutes that she stood there unobserved and unwilling to interrupt, that the hungry heart must have treasured all it had ever heard. Then 'Cretia turned and saw her and caught both her hands with a glad cry.

"Oh, Miss Mary! Now my poor scholars will have somebody to tell 'em!"

The same thought was in her face a little later, when as the sun drew near its setting, the circle of hearers increased. Men and boys returning from the fields stopped to listen, and a few women came from the cabins and joined the group. That this was the usual custom the visitor soon learned

from the comments of those new comers on the Bible lesson she was teaching.

"Yes'm we'uns heard 'Creshy say that."

"Reckon that's what 'Creshy was tellin' las' week; it's pow'rful true."

Miss Mary looked upon them with eyes that saw through a mist. The story of their hard barren lives was written in the faces turned toward her, and as she turned from them to 'Cretia, so unconscious of self, of toil and privation, so anxious only that the light should fall on these—she seemed to hear a voice not of earth, saying:

"There are last that shall be first."

KATE W. HAMILTON.

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LITERATURE DEPARTMENT

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156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

School for the Pimas and Papagoes,
*Tucson, Arizona.

An officer of the United States army, who was no less faithful as a soldier of the Cross than he was as a commissioned warrior of his country, was in 1868 stationed for military duty in Arizona. The condition of the friendly Indians living on the Gila River reservation appealed to him, isolated as they were from all opportunity for religious or educational enlightenment. With the Maricopas, he led the Pimas in a charge over the hills and rocks, with which they were familiar, and so easily proved his willing aids.

Their wild habits and picturesque appearance were of intense interest to him, and their evangelization became a cherished project. Among his warmest friends was Antonio Azul, the chief of the Pimas, who assured him of the readiness of his people to receive a teacher, should one be sent

*Pronounced Tu-sonn.

to them. Equally zealous was the wife of this officer for the amelioration of these uncivilized red men, and nobly did she plead for them and second her husband's efforts to bring to the attention of the friends at home their destitute condition. An article appeared in the *New York Evangelist* from the pen of this officer, telling of the great need of missionary work among them. The pastor of a German Church in Chicago, who chanced to read it, became interested, and with the knowledge of their spiritual needs there seemed to come to him the message to go and carry to them the news of salvation. For more than a year the way was blocked, but still came more direct the call of God to go.

Alone, and without promised support from any missionary organization, he started in 1870 on the long and tedious journey, with an outfit of sufficient clothing, blankets, a small melodeon, and—not the least necessary equipment—a Winchester rifle, for the fierce and dreaded Apaches were still on the war-path.

The facilities for rapid traveling were limited in those days, and when no farther than Kansas this brave-hearted missionary reached the railroad terminus. The succeeding four months, which were a constant changing from stage-coach to a Mexican ox-train, too often alternating with a wearisome journey by foot, could not have been endured by one less courageous, or impelled by any motive save the one which pressed him on—a yearning desire to preach the Gospel of Jesus

Christ to a heathen people. At Albuquerque, New Mexico, all human resources failed him, and though at the very threshold of the Apache haunts, he had to part with his much-needed defence—the Winchester rifle.

Stopping near a mining camp one day, after a long tramp from which he had become lame, he was soon known among the miners as a preacher. Accepting their invitation to preach in the evening, a large saloon, the only building available, was speedily transformed into a chapel. The hearty manner in which the miners joined in the singing testified to their attendance in early life upon similar services, which was further demonstrated by one of the men taking his hat and passing it for a collection, saying the parson had done his part, now they must do theirs. This substantial token of appreciation did not go amiss to one who had come among them penniless. Christmas found the weary, but undaunted, traveler on the Pima reservation, the object of his long and heroic pilgrimage. Being assisted in procuring employment by the same army officer, who would have gladly paid all of his traveling expenses had he known of his desire to come, he was soon able to support himself and carry on his long-cherished desire of teaching and preaching to the Indians.

The story, as told by himself, passes over in silence the isolation, the difficulties and dangers encountered during all these years ; but the Lord was with him and rewarded him in winning not



ANTONIO AZUI, HIS SON AND GRANDSON.

only the confidence of the Indians, but many precious souls among them. Rev. Charles H. Cook (for none other than he was the young Chicago pastor) is now a missionary of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in Arizona, where he has spent so many years. Two churches, with two chapels and numerous preaching stations, stand to-day evidencing his earnest and faithful labors.

It is supposed that the Papagoes, whose name signifies discontent, are a branch of the parent tribe, the Pimas. Says one familiar with the life of both tribes, "Their language is essentially the same, and whatever may have been the experience of the past, every trace of enmity has subsided, and they now intermingle in the most friendly way, frequently intermarrying." These tribes number more than twelve thousand, and are almost unknown in the East, doubtless owing to the fact that they are a peace-loving people, known for the constancy of their friendship to the white man. They are always the strong allies of the Government. When Apache outbreaks were common they befriended the white settlers who were in danger, and protected travelers who were attacked by hostile Indians.

An ancient tribe are the Pimas, being discovered by Captain Diaz when he found his way into the great Colorado desert three hundred and fifty years ago. Later the Spaniards who visited them found them following their present occupation, tilling the soil—their only means of livelihood—

and so for more than three centuries we learn they have been farmers. To show their moral integrity, the incident is told of a party of traders who once visited a Papago village for the purpose of selling whisky, under the cover of calico, sugar and other merchandise. The captain of the village, hearing of their scheme, forbade the traders displaying any of their goods and urgently begged them to leave.

The Papagoes are the only Indians in Arizona, save one smaller tribe, wearing short hair, and they dress almost entirely in citizens' clothes. In addition to the reservations of these tribes, which are wholly inadequate to their wants, the Government has given them seed and farm implements only.

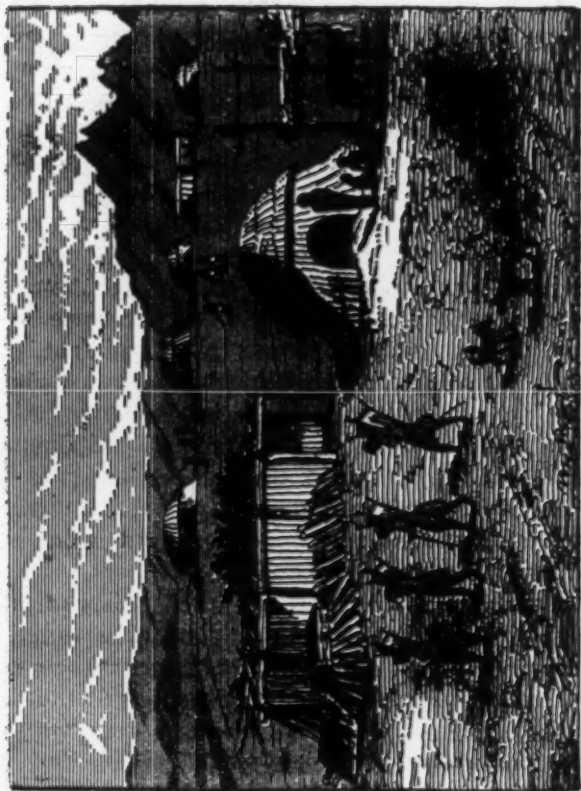
The Industrial School for the children of the Pimas and Papagoes at Tucson, Arizona, under the care of the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions, is one of the most hopeful outgrowths of the work begun by Mr. Cook, the pioneer missionary. It was opened in 1888 in a large adobe building located in the town, but soon after, at the completion of suitable buildings, the school was removed to the present location, one-half mile from the town. The buildings consist of a home for the girls, one for the boys, a hospital, carpenter shop and laundry. The work on all of these buildings, except the girls' home, was done by the boys, under the supervision of competent men. From a beginning of thirty the attendance has increased until last year there were nearly

two hundred boarding pupils (about an equal number of boys and girls), and still many are denied admission for lack of sufficient room.

The course of training given them and its purposes have been clearly outlined by the efficient Superintendent, Rev. Howard Billman, who has written: "In addition to training and developing the mental faculties, we require our pupils to enter industrial departments. The girls learn to cook, sew, to mend and laundry clothing, and to perform all the duties that go to make up housekeeping. The boys have practical training in carpentry and farming. Our children not only receive industrial training and school-room instruction, but we endeavor to ground them in religious truth and practice. We take these boys and girls just as they come to us, indolent, uncleanly, untaught, and without stability of character; we aim to teach them to use their heads and hands, and to live in the light of the Gospel. We always keep in mind the desired fruits of all our labors, to send out a company of clean, thrifty, self-reliant, self-supporting men and women—Christian home-makers and home-keepers."

Situated about a mile from the school is a farm—or, as commonly called in that country, a ranch—of forty-two acres. A resident farmer directs the boys in agricultural pursuits, which gives them a practical experience in farming and supplies the school with many articles of food.

The Presbyterian denomination is the only one working among these Indians. This school is



A PIMA VILLAGE.

another evidence of the striking results gained from the industrial features, where the Indians are taught that the Divine law is not only to "keep the Sabbath day holy" but "six days shalt thou labor."

A recent traveler in writing of this school speaks of it as "an exceptional institution;" while another says, "The Indians have unbounded faith in the Superintendent. The school is very attractive, and attracts by its intelligent, kindly and genuine influence. Even discipline is administered in such a way as to strengthen the hold on the pupils." Dr. Dorcaster, ex-United States Superintendent of Indian Schools, has given his warm commendation of this school—which should properly be called a Home—by saying, "It is one of the best and most successful Indian schools."

Paramount to all other efforts for the elevation of the pupils, is that one which seeks to bring them to a realization of their own sinfulness, a knowledge of Christ, and their acceptance of Him as a Saviour. During a series of special meetings held at one time in the school, more than fifty pupils were won by the Spirit, and came out on the Lord's side. The lives of these Indian boys and girls, when they return to their homes on the reservation, prove that their change for the better is a permanent one. The case is exceptional where one returns to the old life.

During vacation, and after completing their course in the school, they retain the habits inculcated, of industry, order and cleanliness, and are

careful of their deportment. They attend the church services faithfully, and when far removed from such privileges, in many cases gather their parents and friends together for a prayer meeting, reading and explaining to them the Bible. Several young men have been trained under the direction of the Superintendent for evangelistic work, two of whom are now commissioned laborers among their own people. The thirst for knowledge is not limited to the children, but an eagerness among the parents "to learn a little English and study about God" has resulted in the formation of a primary class, composed of adult Indians. A father one day visited his child in the school, and as he was leaving said to the Superintendent, through an interpreter, that he "wished he were a boy again so he could go to school."

The eagerness of these Indian children to obtain an education is pathetically shown in the incident related of a girl who asked for admission to enter after the Superintendent had declared not another one could be received, so crowded were they for accommodations. A pupil came pleading for this friend who had come seeking admission, but was told to tell her companion, for whom she was interpreting, that there was no room for her; the following year she might be received, when the school had been enlarged. Not to be discouraged by one denial she returned the next day, and the pupil repeated her pleadings only to be refused again. After an earnest conversation in the native language the pupil turned to the Superintendent

and said, "She sleep on the floor if you let her stay."

Fifty dollars will give to each of these boys and girls, anxiously waiting with outstretched hands, the education they so long to obtain in this school. Must they longer be denied this means of grace and usefulness by the many who are so abundantly able to give? Surely a work which from its inception has been so signally blessed, is so far-reaching in its usefulness as this, and the perpetuity of which has stood the test, demands the earnest support, both in prayer and substance, of all who would hasten the fulfilment of the command, "Go preach My Gospel to every creature."

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